WRECKED - CARDS TEXT

# 001

You wake up lying on your back on a small metal platform, legs half submerged, dim white light flickering overhead. Sheer luck. You must have gotten stuck in an air pocket off the dive chamber when the wreck happened. The door of the room is unreachable, blocked by what must have been steel bars for structural support. A first-aid kit has fallen out of its case but looks usable. You are still wearing your diving suit but your tank is busted, a hole the size of your fist straight through the middle. Did it explode? In any case, without it you can hold your breath for around 3 minutes. Twisting the switch on your diving torchlight, you peer into the dark water.

# 002

From the light refraction, you sense an air bubble at least the size of a person up ahead. No light or sound comes from it. Beyond, the submerged corridor continues in the darkness.

# 003

The space opens up a little and you spot a medical kit in an almost intact case on the wall. The tunnel branches off left and right but you are not sure what lies there. Which one is the right way?

# 004

A crossing branches off in two distinct directions. No signs that could help you find the way, but there is a sealed, empty plastic bottle on the floor. Someone's good habit might keep you alive just a little longer now. You make a mental note to thank them if you make it out alive.

# 005

A water-free dome emerges from the left side of the tunnel, giving you some respite. It looks like a long, thin cabinet but for some reason it's made entirely of stainless steel. Beyond, the corridor continues entirely underwater.

# 006

Three corridors, including the one you are swimming through, converge in this unremarkable corner of the wreck. Above, a passage seems to have opened when the upper floor's metal boards were torn apart by the impact.

# 007

The tunnel abruptly turns downwards at a steep angle. Diving deeper requires more oxygen, you know that. Might be unwise probing down there… or your only choice. At least, in the very corner of the turn there is an air pocket that is large enough for you to refill your lungs.

# 008

A long, dark corridor winds around a corner. A service ladder has come unhinged and could be used to reach the upper level. No signs of air anywhere in sight, but the pressure would be lower up there, which would give your lungs a little extra time.

# 009

A humanoid-sized gash tore the steel open across ceiling and floor at this intersection of three corridors. You have no idea what could cause such damage, but it would require enormous force. Pitch black is all your torchlight can see, nonetheless you could go to the upper or lower floor using this opening.

# 010

The metal of the corridor wall was bent to a 90 degree angle by the impact. Assuming it's structurally stable, you could think of following along to reach the upper level. Somehow, an air bubble the size of a large octopus formed on the opposite wall. You drag yourself towards it to breathe in a foul smelling air.

# 011

Through the murky silt, your torch illuminates what must have been a T junction. One of the corridors has almost completely collapsed, making a swim through it a hazardous feat. If only you could see what's beyond…

# 012

This desolate corridor shows no air bubble or useful sign of any sort. A medical cabinet was drill fastened to one wall and is now floating on a single remaining hinge. Perhaps beyond that curve?

# 013

Your hopes to find an exit from the wreck or at least an air bubble are quickly dashed. A long corridor, bent by the energy of the impact, stretches out into the liquid darkess.

# 014

A round vertical shaft, a little wider than your head but apparently intact, connects to the upper level. Next to it, a grey, narrow vertical pipe seems to be free of water and could be used to replenish your lungs. Is this the way out of this deadly maze?

# 015

A large intersection of three corridors slides across your field of view as you slide your torch beam. All furniture has been stripped from the walls by the impact and crashed into the wall in front of you, nothing more than a floating pile of rubble pushing into the ceiling.

# 016

The ceiling has almost crushed this corridor, but you can see a flight of stairs likely leading to the upper floor. You might find a little air up there and, perhaps, some answers.

# 017

This was the music room, with corridors darting off into blackness in all directions. The floor beneath the piano caved in, revealing a small opening to even greater depths. You start wondering if you'll find anyone else out here.

# 018

A large pile of inorganic rubble, a mix of furniture or personal belongings, floats through the height of this tunnel. What… is that glimmer in the torch light?

# 019

An elevated metal platform similar to the one you woke up to. This room looks exactly like a twin diving chamber but... why would the vessel have a second diving chamber? Where are you? No usable oxygen tank or first-aid kit is in sight. Has someone else visited this place already? Squint as you might, there are no signs of movement.

# 020

The bright, metallic reflection of a medicinal cabinet strikes you as you realize this tunnel is a dead end. Nobody's around. Creaking sounds echo in a narrow hole in the floor. It could have been a service ladder to the lower levels, before it was ripped off its hinges by the force of the impact… or was it?

# 021

The ceiling caved in leaving a gaping whole. You could squeeze through, or you could just follow the twisting corridor and see where it leads. The absence of people or for that matter any life form makes you shiver.

# 022

Sharp, jagged edges are all that's left of the metal door after the room imploded. Getting in might be a challenge at best, and on borrowed air. You can the dark space beyond and see a human corpse, lifeless and bent in an unnatural crouching pose, legs dangling. A rigid hand is holding a small object emitting a faint, green halo: the ship's gyroscope. What happened here? Gyroscopes are kept in sealed rooms with tightly controlled access, as ships cannot travel without one. Removing it while in motion is sheer madness. Who is this person and why did they bring it here?

**R:** If you enter the room, you obtain the ship's gyroscope, which lets you see all tiles with a pawn instead of flipping them when you leave. If you remove your pawn from a tile (e.g. at an oxygen bubble), flip that tile.

# 101

This section of the tunnel collapsed and is heavily damaged. Squeezing through on either side without scratching a bunch of limbs appears impossible. An oxygen bubble is stuck in the middle of the section. Just inches from it, a human body is floating in the current, one ankle crushed under the collapsed roof. The poor soul must have drown less than a foot from air.

# 102

A strong current flows through this intersection, making swimming exhausting. Without diving fins there's not way you can get upstream. The ceiling is cracked in numerous places but has not caved in yet. Is the current keeping it up?

# 103

This shaft is narrow and contorting – not for the caustrophibic. Was it an air duct? There's no trace of air in it now. As you drag yourself through, you come to a wider section with murky waters. Extending your arm in the brown liquid you feel the shape of two human bodies, motionless, bent at the waist. They are holding three slim, rigid rods in their hands – flares. Were they trying to escape before the space was flooded? A hatch in the floor leads to a lower level.

**R:** If you enter the room, you obtain 3 flares. Each can be deployed once to peer one step beyond adjacent rooms at no oxygen cost.

# 104

Another vertical shaft, perhaps a dumbwaiter for the kitchen, leads to a deeper level, into the belly of the wreck. A first-aid kit wrapped in watertight plastic hangs from the wall. Were they trying to escape from the bottom of the ship?

# 105

The corridor leads to a bolted wooden door. A red sign: "Officers only". Bashing the mechanism with your torch might break the lock and let you through… or possibly break the torch? Opposite the door, a marble column has crashed into the wall and torn a wide opening leading into the next room. Was this a luxury yacht?

# 106

A wooden door with a "Staff only" sign bars the way. Shining light through the door hinges you can see the flooded corridor continues beyond. How could the water flood this space without breaking the door? What if it wasn't a flood at all?

# 107

A cabinet has fallen sideways and now lies straight across the centre of the tunnel, splitting it into two separate paths. Rummaging with one hand while holding the torch with the other, you manage to find a medical kit in the lowest drawer. Eerie creaking sounds fill the space, but you struggle to decide what direction they are originating from.

# 108

The tunnel is crossed by a red-white plastic chain with a sign that reads: "Personnel only, do not trespass". You swim through and are facing a bare metal wall, nothing except soldering rivets that popped off their joint. Scanning the ceiling, you find a rusted hatch. You might be able to pry it open with a massive effort. What could be on the other side? And what were they doing on this ship?

# 109

The vertical tunnel grows in size as you look up – what you think is up, it's hard to keep track of gravity in this maze. The surface must be up there. Beyond just how many layers of wrecked metal, you don't know. Up there.

# 110

This is a dead end, tumbled rubble covering the whole tunnel. The head and arms of a human body emerge from underneath a pile of steel shelves. Was she crushed on the spot or tried to squeeze throgh after the impact? You might never know, but the longer you think about it the less oxygen remains for your body to stay awake.

# 111

The floor gave way in this section of the ship, leaving an empty hole. No sign of humans or wildlife anywhere around. Could it be they swam down and found a lower exit? The corridor continues on this floor, into the darkness.

# 112

The locked door has a thick, circular window. Peering into the dark, you see several metal bed frames, plastic curtains, and cabinets. Syringes, gauze rolls, and chemical bottles float in the liquid. This must be the ship's infirmary. The lock does not look too sturdy, but it might take a major effort to break in. Why is this room still locked? Did none of the wounded make it here?

# 113

A large marble statue of a smiling young man hopping around and pouring wine, wearing winged sandals, has crushed down through the ceiling into the intersection of three tunnels. As you hold your breath in the dim torchlight, the statue's expression of lighthearted joy seems at odds with the barren, silent surroundings. With a substantial effort you could try dragging it down and pass through the hole to the upper level. There might be oxygen up there.

# 114

This corridor ends with a bolted door, seemingly made of some kind of dense, tropical wood, perhaps snakewood. You cannot see any sign to determine what it's guarding. There are exactly zero chances of breaking this door on a breathhold, but you might be able to pry the hinges free. You turn your torch upwards: the fabric and metal behind have been cut with a perfectly circular hole the size of a person. The cut edges are burned as if with a thermal lance. The space beyond is dark and silent. You can't help wondering if someone up there is melting their way to the surface.

# 115

This corridor is long and quiet. A silence of death fills the flood space. A first-aid kit is visible in the blur next to the empty slot for a fire extinguisher. Opposite, a window perches onto another room. You feel the handle – stuck. With some force, time and energy, you could break the glass and get through.

# 116

This intersection of three corridors appears to be a service personnel area. The bare walls and ceiling are contrasted by large arrows painted on the floor, pointing towards a bulkhead in the middle of the room. You try rotating the handle and it swings right open: you could explore the level below from here. What might lie beneath that deserved such paint marks?

# 117

This wide, circular room is decorated with navy wallpaper and several picture hooks are visible here and there. Paintings litter the floor, ceiling, and walls in disarray and the smell of oil fills permeates the liquid. This must have been a public space, yet no passengers or other humans can be seen here, neither alive nor dead. A flight of stairs leads to a lower level and is cordoned off by a simple, plastic chain. You could easily swim over it to reach the depths of the carcass.

# 118

The tunnel ends in a stairwell. The steps have crumbled under some enourmous pressure and lie as a pile of rubble on the floor. Fine cement dust covers everything and clouds the water into a murky substance when stirred by your hands and feet. Thankfully, an air bubble could keep you in this world for a little longer. Removing the rubble to float upstairs could take a while but wouldn't be impossible. Will the stair lead to an exit?

# 119

Crates. The cargo bay of the ship extends in front of you, some boxes floating to the ceiling, others held firmly to the ground by thick webbing. It seems like the ship was transporting scientific equipment of some kind, though you are not quite sure why. Were there any researchers among the passengers? And why the secrecy? You need to get to the bottom of this. Medical equipment might also be there, with some luck, but opening unlabelled crates would be a dangerous proposition on a single breath.

# 120

Your torch shined a column of light onto a metal cabinet choked full of blinking lights and tiny switches. The main electrical panel of the ship, you reckon. Suddenly, sparks fly off a thick, dangling cable in the middle of the room, sending spasms through your left arm and spine. This place is a mousetrap, better swim out of here as fast as you can.

# 121

The bright neon light of a cargo elevator feel surreal on the side of this vast, dark corridor. Normally, you could fit a car in there, but the front panel is a fractal of broken bullet-proof windshield glass. Blood stains are slowly being washed away from the edges of the glass, as if someone had passed through here recently. You cannot wonder whether they came from the lift or trying to reach it. You might squeeze through with minor scratches if you can hold your breath long enough, and with some luck it might even be partially operational. Or you might drown while inside it, that is. You hear a deep rumble coming from somewhere in the lift well.

# 122

You can't see much through the muddy waters, but strong currents converge into the center of this intersection and seep through the floor through a solid metal grate. An air pocket has formed right above it. Only one direction seems to be swimmable without some method of propulsion.

# 123

The water in this room feels different. A human body is floating in this murky, warm liquid that smells like expired instant soup. The man, in his sixties, is holding a first-aid kit in one hand and his own throad with the other. In the low visibility, you touch the walls and find two free passages and one that is partially obstructed by sharp metal edges.

# 201

The water in this area is clear and warmer. A low humming noise penetrates your head bones. Shelves and benches clutter the area, with several rifles, now utterly ruined by the water, hanging menacingly from the ceiling. A slow, constant flow is generated by several pumps attached to the wall which, upon further inspection in the dim torchlight, appear to be fluid purifiers. Three glass cabinet, attached to one wall, have been entirely coated on the inside with alluminium foil that shines in the light beam. Two of them are open and empty except for a sort of purple mud on the bottom. Blood stains cover the cabinet handle of the third one. A clicking noise begins as you approach the cabinet, subsiding again when you take a step back. You turn your head for a moment and notice another exit on the opposite site of the room. What is this place?

**R:** If you open the cabinet, throw a die: 1-3 an outlet in the wall lets you can recover your oxygen to full; 4-6 an alien comes out of the cabinet, scaring you into the next room (you choose which one). From now on, the alien moves at 1 place each other turn until it reaches you, at which point you are dead.

# 202

This room is locked from all three sides with thick wooden doors, the handles decorated with Greek crosses. After entering, your light beam pierces through thick blackness and is brightly reflected a thousand times from all directions, shortly blinding you. You partially cover the beam with your hand and notice vibrantly coloured frescos on the walls and a domed ceiling that contains a large air pocket. The metal skeleton of crystal glass chandelier lies shattered on the floor: the room must be filled with glass shards floating about.

# 203

The room appears to be vast and empty. Nothing shines back when you wave your torch light around. You swim upwards for an entire minute and still find no ceiling. Finally, above you, a hazy glimmer. Your lungs feels like exploding. While you don't want to exhale any precious oxygen, you eventually have to and burst in a stream of bubbles. You're still trying to compose yourself from the shock when your head touches something cold and harsh, yet breezy. Your light beam has gone black but finally, as your mind races to comprehend it, you can finally see it – the moonlight. It's a hot night, starry and immense, yet you are not scared. Somehow, you made it out, alive.

# 204

Strong currents push out of this intersection in all directions, three corridors crushed and regurgitated into tunnels by the crash. You must be close to the propellers – are they still working? What else could cause such intense motion? Above, an opening more fit for a child than an adult body leads to calmer waters – it seems. You gaze up with apprehension.

# 205

The torch light reflects into a pair of small circles and you only see the glimpse of a motion before feeling an intense pain in your calf. In shock you look down and see blood flowing and clear… bite marks? Staring ahead, you see a bull shark swiftly disappearing into a corner of the room. In numbing pain, you keep your head enough to know it will come back soon. Three corridors leave the room, you must choose quickly. Go now.

**R:** Each turn spent in this room you get more severe wounds as the shark gains confidence. You gain 1 wound on turn 1, 2 additional the next turn, and so on. If you leave the room and come back, the same happens again, from scratch.

# 206

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# 207

This tunnel is being crushed by the pressure and becomes smaller and smaller as you swim on. At the far end, a small leather bag lies on the floor, as if left by someone. You open the buckle to find a bundle of red cylinders, tied together with black tape and… is that a fuse? Yes, this must be dynamite. Whoever left it here, and why? And where are they now? A side window, broken towards the outside, leads into the next room.

# 208

The current is very strong here, hanging on to anything is going to tear your joints. A large air pocket remains despite the gushing flow. If only you could reach it… damn! Who took my fins? I'm sure I had them before… oh, I don't know anymore.

# 209

Intense currents from two directions fuse into a single, powerful stream that pushes your straight into a metal grate. A rusty mechanism seems to lock it in place, you might be able to release it with a few kicks. You can hardly see anything beyond, but swimming back without help would be suicide. Where is all this water going? Is there an exit in that direction?

# 210

Three corridors meet in the center of this intersection. Strong currents from all sides suck you in and push you through a busted glass ceiling towards the upper floor. Navigating these currents without some help or tool is impossible.

# 211

An open door leads to a quiet, dark room. Not much is left in here, as if someone pillaged it before you. Nonetheless, you can clearly see that diving equipment used to be stored here, with a few wetsuits still floating in the water. A small oxygen tank is attached to one wall by a chord, it might turn useful in the future.

# 212

A wooden door bars the entrance to this room. Curiously, the lock itself has been forced open, but a closer inspection reveals that even now it can only be opened from the outside. You leave a metal bar across the sill to hold it from locking and swim in. A human body floats in the small space, its face swelled and disfigured by water and wounds. You recognise Annette, the fixer who brought you into this expedition. At least, she said her name was Annette, you don't really know and now it does not matter anymore. At her feet, she is wearing your freediving fin, a solid meter of sturdy fiberglass. How did she get that? Using monofins requires specialised training… was she a diver? If so, why would she hire \*you\*? Well, she'd dead now, and soon you'll be too if you don't get out of here fast. That fin would be useful against currents though.

**R:** You can spend 1 turn to take and wear the monofin. If you do, you can now swim against currents at normal air cost. If you leave the room immediately, you leave the fin there.

# 213

A reinforced steel door. Locked. What could possibly lie beyond this threshold that needs such security? Time passes extremely slowly as you try to get across: you pry the hinges, kick the frame, even try to pick the lock. By the time you're finally through, you feel exhausted and almost out of air. The water in the room is perfectly still and clear, like a sanctuary in the eye of the storm. No other door or way out, no air bubble, just quiet. In a cabinet labelled "Only for deep dives" you find two green scuba tanks. They are heavy and cumbersome, but appear to be pressurised. You try to attach one to your empty diving regulator and breath in… a helium mix. Wow. This is incredibly useful, you'll be able to survive at much greater depth now… if necessary. Where could they possibly find helium these days? It is considered almost unobtainable after the natural reserves evaporated beyond the stratosphere… the only way would be with nuclear fusion, at scale. But who on Earth…

**R:** You now have two heliox scuba tanks attached to your rebreather. No matter how deep you go, these two tanks are always refilled when you find an oxygen pool. Use them wisely.

# 214

This section is closed off by a solid steel door. It would take time to get through, even with a thermal lance. A large oxygen pocket floats aimlessly in the middle of the section, illuminated by the bleak green light of an emergency exit sign. Immediately below, a narrow metal burrow connects to the lower floor. Another access corridor is visible on the other side.

# 215

Twin doors lead into adjacent spaces that don't seem to comminicate with each other. A strong current originates from one of them, while the other is still and ends with a rickety metal door. You look around, unsure what path you'll take.

# 216

The tunnel continues in a single direction, the steel frame of the ship bent unnaturally to one side. An intense current flows through the channel, making swimming a deadly invitation. Will you follow the stream or fight your way against it?

# 217

Fog. Something must permeate the water in this passage that makes your head spin. You see a medical kit on the floor, next to a bo… where was…. … You fight to stay conscious and manage after what fell like a few seconds or an hour. You are holding a first-aid kit and see three corridors leaving the room in different directions.

**R:** You fell into a toxic cloud and lost any memory of your previous explorations. Flip all tiles except this one on the back side. You do not regain any oxygen but can flip adjacent tiles to this one for free (entering them costs a unit of air, as usual).

# 218

Currents are flowing out of a gashing hole in the ceiling, carrying all kinds of objects: metal rubble, organis debris, a chair leg, a telephone receiver. You are getting close to the ship's deck, you can feel it. If only you had enough power to swim past the currents to the upper floor. Despite the lack of air, you cannot avert your gaze from the hole.

# 219

As you enter you hear a loud screeching noise as the ceiling deforms above your head. You can barely move before it all collapses into a pulp. Half a minute later, much of the dust has settled and you can spot two small passages on opposite sides of a large ballroom. A dozen other doors can be seen, but they are all firmly locked or inaccessible because of the rubble. If one of them was the exit, you'll need to find another one now.

# 220

A thin metal door locks this square room away from the rest of the wreck. This must be a service passage, perhaps for waiters and servants. The place is entirely bare with the exception of a bulkhead above. It does not budge when you try to push it. You could force it open or perhaps – with the proper equipment – cut through the metal.

# 221

Metal doors lock this vast room from both sides. Your torch light illuminates a flutter of curtains and other fabrics floating across the room. As you turn the beam behind you, the icy reflection off a dilated eye jolts you into your senses. You are surrounded by human bodies, male and female, of all ages. They all hold their throats, eyes wide open, backs contorted in the same strange bent as every other corpse you have seen in this forsaken place. There must be more bodies in this room than in the rest of the wreck altogether. Why here? Was this the passenger's deck? Why were the doors locked? To find answers, you must survive: better not dwell too long.

# 222

Currents take you by surprise in this small corridor, throwing you around like a pinball until you reach a locked wooden door. Arm-sized holes pierce through it, letting the water through, but are too small for you. You could tear it down by brute force, but it might take a while. Swimming bare handed against the current would be a herculean task.

LOWER LEVELS

# L01

The room walls are solid, basaltic rock. Coal black. The ship must have crashed into an existing underwater cave system on the ocean floor. Perfect darkness shrouds your senses. You start thinking there's nothing down here when the tiniest sparkle of purple light catches your eye. There is something there, you are sure. As you approach, two more tiny lights appear on each side of the first one, then two more, soon a whole circle of pure, purple light. After a few seconds of stillness, you instantly perceive a humanoid figure but skeletal and covered in tattered old fabric moving towards you at great speed, the circle following underneath. You dodge something being hurled at you and realize the figure is very much alive and armed with a glowing saber. What… is that thing? In a split second, you glimpse a carved passage on the floor where the fiend used to be and know what to do.

# L02

TODO